

Good Morning 534

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

There's a Fan at 153,
Sto./P.O. Eddie Gray
(Thanking You)

This New-planned Wembley will be World's Sports-hub

Says W. H. MILLIER

WHEN the post-war boom in sport begins, it will not find Arthur J. Elvin unprepared. Mr. A. J. Elvin is the man who has made the name of Wembley synonymous with sport. He is the presiding genius at Wembley Stadium, and within a few years of starting from scratch he has built up an organisation which is probably the biggest thing of its kind in the world.

MR. ELVIN has not only planned to have all the well-known sporting events associated in the past with Wembley, but many new ventures besides. Additional lighting, which will turn night into day, is to be installed at the Stadium, a place that was certainly very well lighted according to pre-war standards; and the greyhound racing will be easier than ever to follow.

Some time ago when dealing with the need for the installation of cameras to photograph exceedingly close finishes, I mentioned that the track which introduced this much-needed reform would assuredly gain in greatly increased attendances. I had an idea that Arthur Elvin would be the first to announce his intention of making the camera a permanent installation at Wembley.

Now it is all arranged to introduce the innovation (that is, innovation so far as this country is concerned) at the earliest possible moment. That it will be highly popular goes without saying.

There should be no more grumbling over bad decisions from the judge when once the camera is there to show just how the leading greyhounds flashed over the winning line. The whole operation from the moment of exposing the plate to producing the finished picture takes only two minutes.

It will be worth all the expense incurred to secure satisfied customers.

Just before the war the tote at Wembley was considerably enlarged at the cost of several thousands of pounds, but even this does not satisfy Elvin, who now plans to have an even

more efficient and bigger total-isator.

The closer he can get to perfection, the better pleased he will be and so will the customers.

The Rugby League has already completed the contract to hold the final at Wembley and, in addition to the F.A. Cup, it is hoped to attract many more international matches than were held before the war. It looks as though international games will loom large in the football world in the near future.

Speedway racing is to be resumed and will doubtless be even more popular than it was. The better lighting that is promised should benefit the speedway as well as the greyhound racing.

So much for the Stadium. In the Empire Pool, that rather unique building designed by the architect-engineer responsible for the Stadium and other buildings, we are promised many new attractions when the authorities release the Pool. It was requisitioned early in the war.

POOL'S CLEAR VIEW.

The Empire Pool at Wembley is one of the few buildings in this country which was designed especially for sporting events. It is the largest hall in the world without a supporting pillar of any kind. Interior pillars obstruct the view, but there is no obstruction in the Empire Pool and a clear view can be had from the cheapest seats.

It was built to cater for every conceivable indoor sport and it became an immediate success. From ice hockey to

table tennis the whole gamut of spectacular games has been presented to the public.

The swimming pool was designed to accommodate Olympic events and for high diving provides a depth of 16½ feet. When not in use for competitive events, the pool has been open to the public. It involves a colossal amount of work to cover the floor of the pool in order to stage boxing contests and similar events, which is the reason why hitherto the water sports have had the monopoly from May to September.

All that is to be changed in the future by building an outdoor swimming pool and leaving the existing building for all the other indoor sports in season, such as six-days cycle-racing, boxing contests, professional lawn tennis, and many other attractions as they come along.

The principal plan is to arrange for many more contests of an international character than have been held formerly in this country. Mr. Elvin is one of those long-sighted sport organisers who believes in planning well ahead and being fully prepared to stage any attraction the moment there is a public demand for it.

Wembley's chief is also planning to construct another ice rink. In converting the Pool to an ice rink for the ordinary ice hockey matches also means a lot of work.

I am told that it requires forty miles of iron piping spaced over the swimming pool.

The piping is then covered by more miles of waterproof paper, followed by eighty tons of sand, and the whole covered with ice of at least 1½ inches in thickness. It costs several thousand pounds every time the pool has to be converted into an ice rink, a pretty expensive business.

Fortunately, there is no shortage of space at Wembley, and as long as the labour is available, there is every likeli-

hood that the work on the extensions and improvements will be put in hand directly hostilities cease. This should help to solve part of the unemployment problem.

From what I know of Arthur Elvin, he will be one of the first to give preference to men discharged from the Services.

He has a kindly thought for the ex-Serviceman who is coming home to start another battle for existence, prompted by his own experiences after the last war.

He came out of the Royal Air Force a very young and energetic man, but, as so many others did, he found little scope at first for his activities. But he did not give way to despair and eventually when the opportunity came he was ready to grasp it with both hands.

STARTED A KIOSK.

Wembley Stadium and its immediate surroundings owes its existence to the desire of the Government of the day to do something towards employment for demobilised Servicemen. The Wembley exhibition, which was started after the last war, was sponsored by the Government.

Arthur Elvin found employment in a tobacco kiosk in the exhibition grounds. He did not make a fortune out of this, as you may well guess, but it enabled him to live and work out his own ideas.

When the exhibition closed, Elvin quickly put his ideas into actions. Learning that nearly all the buildings, together in some instances with their contents, were to be sold, Arthur Elvin decided to get in on the ground floor.

First of all he secured an option of all the rare wood that had so lavishly been used for the Indian Pavilion. He then scouted round for customers.

Perhaps I ought to explain that Elvin had no money worth mentioning as such. It therefore means that he simply had to find his customers and fairly quickly at that.

He has told me how he entertained his prospective customers to dinner at an expensive restaurant in order to make a good impression, and by the time it came to the cigars and liqueurs he had to make a lightning calculation and arrive at a quick decision.

He discovered that he could not afford to offer liqueurs and cigars and had to choose between one or the other. He decided on cigars, chiefly, one presumes, because he had but lately been selling smokes.

It proved to be a fortunate choice and put his clients in such a good humour that a fine business deal was put through and Arthur Elvin was launched on the road to fortune.

From that moment he has never looked back, although it has not been all free-wheeling downhill.

With the proceeds of his sale of the Indian wood, Elvin bought still more of the exhibition property and sold it again quickly, until eventually



SO many copies of "Good Morning" were lying around at 153, Wilbraham-road, Manchester, that our representative thought that the family had been warned, and were "window-dressing" for the visit.

No, 'twas not so. It appears that we have a fan in civvy street. For 13-years-old Gladys, daughter of Stoker P.O. Eddie Gray, collects all the copies she can beg from Dad and his mates and, believe it or not, it's the pin-up pictures of film stars that she likes.

Young Malcolm, nearing the age of two is the centre of attraction at home, and these pictures were taken specially for Dad, who hasn't seen him for a long time.

"He's a sturdy little fellow now," said Mrs. Gray. "You must take a picture for Eddie to see. He'll hardly recognise him."

It appears that Malc.

was not always so big and strong but while the camera was being prepared he was climbing all over the place after cups of tea and biscuits... as lively a little chap as you could see in a day's march.

Pop (Grandfather Charlie Faulkner, friend of many submariners) was at home too, and came with Mrs. Gray and Malcolm to speed us on our way.

When we hear of our only civvy fan it's best to give good service, so we called at Manchester Central High School, and asked for Gladys. She's doing very well at school and was busy studying languages. Spanish and French are two good subjects for a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl, and Gladys is successfully tackling both.

She gives a cheery "V" sign to father from her schoolroom.

Everyone sends love and wishes for a speedy return.



A "V" sign (above), and two smiles for Stoker Eddie Gray.

Home Town Talk

ATTENTION you young bucks of 70 who talk about retiring! You ought to be back in school. That is if you take a leaf out of the book of life of Charles Frederick Mitchell of Cardiff.

Every evening in the rush hour from business at the docks you will find Charlie rubbing shoulders with clerks and typists homeward bound. And can he hold his place in the queue, girls!

Oldest native of the City and still going strong at 90. Retire? Not on your life, says Charlie.

It is 76 years ago since he started at 11s. a week in a warehouse on West Dock. He lived to achieve an ambition of many lads. Bought out the boss, and started on his own! That was 50 years ago.

He is now managing direc-

tor of Mitchells General Bond, West Dock, dealing in ship and bonded stores, assisted by his two sons. But he directs and plans new moves.

On his birthday recently he was at his desk as usual. "My recipe for success," he said. "Hard work, my boy, square dealing, and the habit of studying to be quiet."

FARMER'S BOY—

ARCHBISHOP.

At his mother's knee David Lewis Prosser, in a Carmarthenshire farmhouse learned about the Christian ideal way of life. He was fired with ambition to embark on a crusade. That was more than 70 years ago.

He has just been made Archbishop of Wales.

Rt. Rev. David Lewis Prosser, Bishop of St. David's, was elected behind closed doors at a four hour sitting of the Electoral College which sat in bomb scarred Llandaff Cathedral.

Once Curate in Swansea, where he was known as the children's friend, he became Vicar of the dockyard town of Pembroke Dock, won the M.C. and was mentioned in despatches in the last war. An Oxford scholar, he is senior Bishop in Wales. A Grand Old Man, with twinkling eyes.

Dr. John Morgan, Bishop of Llandaff, was in the running for the Archbishopric. Also close in the voting was the Bishop of St. Asaph, Rt. Rev. W. T. Havard, one time Welsh rugger international and Oxford Blue.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Her Mother came too!

Concluding "IN LIMEHOUSE REACH" - - By W. W. JACOBS

THE mate waited a minute or two, the girl still reading quietly, and then walked back to the cabin. The sound of gentle regular breathing reached his ears, and, stepping softly, he saw to his joy that his visitor slept.

"She's asleep," said he, going back, "and she looks so comfortable I don't think I'll wake her."

"I shouldn't advise you to," said the girl; "she always wakes up cross."

"How strange we should run up against each other like this," said the mate sentimentally; "it looks like Providence, doesn't it?"

"Looks like carelessness," said the girl.

"I don't care," replied the mate. "I'm glad I did let that line go overboard. Best day's work I ever did. I shouldn't have seen you if I hadn't."

"And I don't suppose you'll ever see me again," said the girl comfortably, "so I don't see what good you've done yourself."

"I shall run down to Limehouse every time we're in port, anyway," said the mate; "it'll be odd if I don't see you sometimes. I daresay our craft'll pass each other sometimes. Perhaps in the night," he added gloomily.

"I shall sit up all night watching for you," declared Miss Jansell untruthfully.

In this cheerful fashion the conversation proceeded, the girl, who was by no means insensible to his bright eager face and well-knit figure, dividing her time in the ratio of three parts to her book and one to him. Time passed all too soon for the mate, when they were interrupted by a series of hoarse unintelligible roars proceeding from the schooner's cabin, also waved hearty farewells, and,

"That's father," said Miss Jansell, rising with a celerity which spoke well for the discipline maintained on the "Aquila"; "he wants me to mend his waistcoat for him."

She put down her book and left, the mate watching her until she disappeared down the companion-way. Then he sat down and waited.

One by one the crew returned to the steamer, but the schooner's deck showed no signs of life. Then the skipper came, and, having peered critically over his vessel's side, gave orders to get under way. "If she'd only come up," said the miserable mate to himself, "I'd risk it, and ask whether I might write to her."

This chance of imperilling a promising career did not occur, however; the steamer slowly edged away from the schooner, and, picking her way between a tier of lighters, steamed slowly into clearer water.

"Full speed ahead!" roared the skipper down the tube.

The engineer responded, and the mate gazed in a melancholy fashion at the water as it rapidly widened between the two vessels. Then his face brightened up suddenly as the girl ran up on deck and waved her hand. Hardly able to believe his eyes, he waved his back. The girl gesticulated violently, now pointing to the steamer, and then to the schooner.

"By Jove, that girl's taken a fancy to you," said the skipper. "She wants you to go back."

The mate sighed. "Seems like to his astonishment the girl was

now joined by her men folk, who ceased from the schooner's cabin, also waved hearty farewells, and,

throwing their arms about, shouted incoherently.

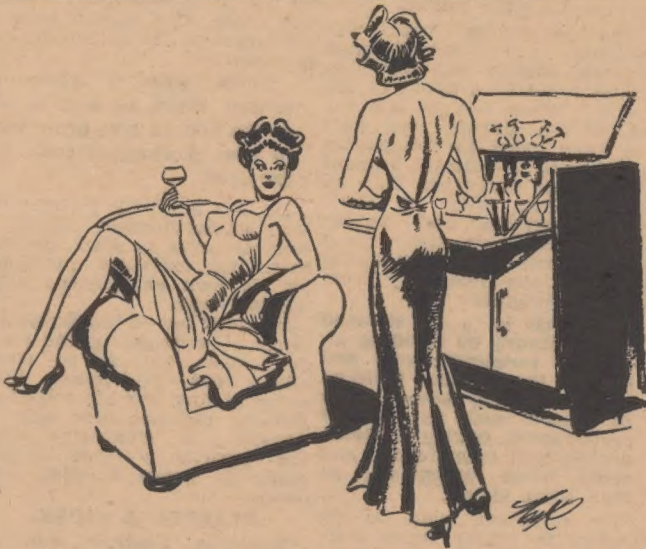
"Blamed if they haven't all gathered dusk, that he awoke from his tender apathy. It is probable that it would have lasted longer than that but for a sudden wail of anguish and terror which proceeded from the cabin and rang out on the still warm air.

"Sakes alive!" said the skipper, starting; "what's that?"

Before the mate could reply, the companion was pushed back, and a middle-aged woman, labouring under strong excitement, appeared on deck.

"You villain!" she screamed excitedly, rushing up to the mate. "Take me back; take me back!"

"What's all this, Harry?"



"I needed this, my dear! Last night, George took me to a place where they actually put GIN in one's gin and lime."

demanding the skipper sternly.

"He—he—he—asked me to go into the cab—cabin," sobbed Mrs. Jansell, "and sent me to sleep, and too—took me away. My husband'll kill me; I know he will. Take me back."

"What do you want to be took back to be killed for?" interposed one of the men judicially.

"I might ha' known what he meant when he said I brightened the cabin up," said Mrs. Jansell; "and when he said he thought me and my daughter were sisters. He said he'd like me to sit there always, the wretch!"

"Did you say that?" inquired the skipper fiercely.

"Well, I did," said the miserable mate; "but I didn't mean her to take it that way. She went to sleep, and I forgot all about her."

"What did you say such silly lies for, then?" demanded the skipper.

The mate hung his head.

"Old enough to be your mother, too," said the skipper severely. "Here's a nice thing to happen aboard my ship, and afore the boy, too!"

"Blast the boy!" said the goaded mate.

"Take me back," wailed Mrs. Jansell; "you don't know how jealous my husband is."

"He won't hurt you," said the skipper kindly; "he won't be jealous of a woman your time o' life; that is, not if he's got any sense. You'll have to go as far as Boston with us now. I've lost too much time already to go back."

"You must take me back," said Mrs. Jansell passionately.

"I'm not going back for anybody," said the skipper. "But

you can make your mind quite easy: you're as safe aboard my ship as what you would be alone on a raft in the middle of the Atlantic; and as for the mate, he was only chaffing you. Wasn't you, Harry?"

The mate made some reply, but neither Mrs. Jansell, the skipper, nor the men, who were all listening eagerly, caught it, and his unfortunate victim, accepting the inevitable, walked to the side of the ship and gazed disconsolately astern.

It was not until the following morning that the mate, who had received orders to mess for'ard, saw her, and ignoring the fact that everybody suspended work to listen, walked up and bade her good-morning.

"Harry," said the skipper warningly.

"All right," said the mate shortly. "I want to speak to you very particularly," he said nervously, and led his listener aft, followed by three of the crew who came to clean the brasswork, and who listened mutinously when they were ordered to defer unwonted industry to a more fitting time.

The deck clear, the mate began, and in a long rambling statement, which Mrs. Jansell at first thought the ravings of lunacy, acquainted her with the real state of his feelings.

"I never did!" said she, when he had finished. "Never! Why, you hadn't seen her before yesterday."

"Of course I shall take you back by train," said the mate, "and tell your husband how sorry I am."

"I might have suspected something when you said all those

(Continued on Page 3)

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



IT is said of the Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner of the Western Pacific—a post which Mr. Alexander Grantham is to fill—that he has more islands to look after than anyone else in the world.

It is a post worth £3,250 a year, with a lovely house overlooking the harbour at Suva. As High Commissioner he is expected to travel in the small Government vessel which calls at the islands. Landing is usually by pick-a-back on islanders' shoulders.

One of the islands, I hear, which Mr. Grantham proposes to visit is Pitcairn, where the descendants of the Bounty ruffians live. No High Commissioner has been there since Sir Cecil Rodwell in 1921. Pitcairn now has its own code of laws recently promulgated. All the islanders are Seventh Day Adventists.

MR. GRANTHAM, who has been in Nigeria since 1941, tells me he is used to distances. His new responsibilities cover millions of square miles of sea. The Solomon Islands, which he also plans to visit, are 1,500 miles away from his headquarters.

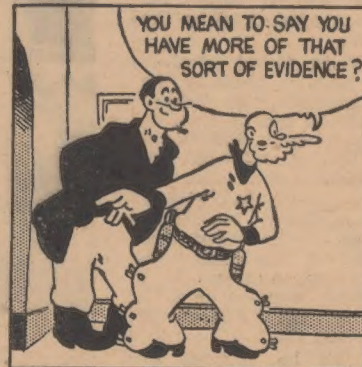
One of his most spectacular visits will be to the Queen of Tonga, on Tongatabu. She lives in a palace close to the beach, and is a direct descendant of the Great Kings of Tonga.

The Queen's most isolated island is Niuafoou, or "Tin-Can" Island, where the mail is landed in a 40lb. biscuit tin. The island postmen swim out for the tin when it is lowered from the ship. The island has its mail during six months of the year only. Heavy seas prevent a twelve-months service.

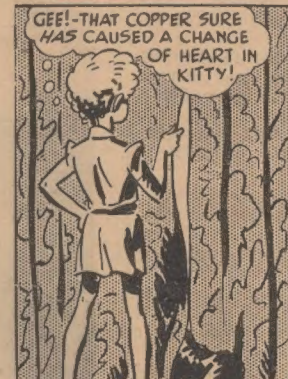
"WHEN I complained to my husband about his going out every night, he said he couldn't stand confined spaces, but he doesn't seem to mind spending hours in a stuffy bar down the road."—Wife at a North Kent court.

Perhaps a big booze-joint he uses.

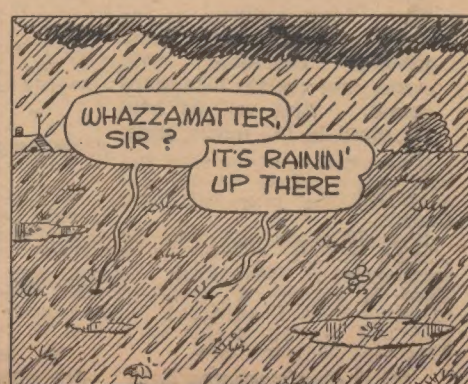
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—473

1. Insert consonants in *E**A*I*E and *E**U* and get two fruits.
2. Here are two articles of clothing whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they? ATOCORUT — RESSITAWS
3. If "spin" is the "pun" of textiles, what is the pun of: (a) Retribution, (b) Feebleness?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 472

1. STEPHENSON, PARSONS.
2. STARLING—BLACKBIRD.
3. (a) Imagination, (b) Margin.
4. S-age, M-in-t.

JANE



"IN LIMEHOUSE REACH"

(Continued from Page 2)

nice things to me," said the mollified lady. "Well, you must take your chance, like all the rest of them. She can only say 'No,' again. It'll explain this affair better, that's one thing; but I expect they'll laugh at you."

"I don't care," said the mate stoutly. "You're on my side, ain't you?"

Mrs. Jansell laughed, and the mate, having succeeded beyond his hopes in the establishment of amicable relations, went about his duties with a light heart.

By the time they reached Boston the morning was far advanced, and after the *Gem* was comfortably berthed he obtained permission of the skipper to accompany the fair passenger to London, beguiling the long railway journey by every means in his power. Despite his efforts, however, the journey began to pall upon his companion, and it

was not until evening was well advanced that they found themselves in the narrow streets of Limehouse.

"We'll see how the land lies first," said he, as they approached the wharf and made their way cautiously on to the quay.

The *Aquila* was still alongside, and the mate's heart thumped violently as he saw the cause of all the trouble sitting alone on the deck. She rose with a little start as her mother stepped carefully aboard, and, running to her, kissed her affectionately, and sat her down on the hatches.

"Poor mother," she said caressingly. "What did you bring that lunatic back with you for?"

"He would come," said Mrs. Jansell. "Hush! here comes your father."

The master of the "*Aquila*" came on deck as she spoke, and walking slowly up to the group, stood sternly regarding them. Under his gaze the mate breath-

lessly reeled off his tale, noticing with somewhat mixed feelings the widening grin of his listener as he proceeded.

"Well, you're a lively sort o' man," said the skipper as he finished. "In one day you tie up your own ship, run off with my wife, and lose us a tide. Are you always like that?"

"I want somebody to look after me, I s'pose," said the mate, with a side glance at Nancy.

"Well, we'd put you up for the night," said the skipper, with his arm round his wife's shoulders; "but you're such a chap. I'm afraid you'd burn the ship down, or something. What do you think, old girl?"

"I think we'll try him this once," said his wife. "And now I'll go down and see about supper; I want it."

The old couple went below, and the young one remained on deck. Nancy went and leaned against the side; and as she appeared to have quite forgotten his presence, the

mate, after some hesitation, joined her.

"Hadn't you better go down and get some supper?" she asked.

"I'd sooner stay here, if you don't mind," said the mate. "I roused from his gloom by a slight like watching the lights going up touch on his arm, and, turning and down; I could stay here for hours."

"I'll leave you, then," said the girl; "I'm hungry."

She tripped lightly off with a smothered laugh, leaving the fairly-trapped man gazing indignantly at the lights which had lured him to destruction.

From below he heard the cheerful clatter of crockery, accompanied by a savoury incense, and talk and laughter. He imagined

the girl making fun of his sentimental reasons for staying on deck; but, too proud to meet her ironical glances, stayed doggedly where he was, resolving to be off by the first train in the morning. He was roused from his gloom by a slight like watching the lights going up touch on his arm, and, turning sharply, saw the girl by his side.

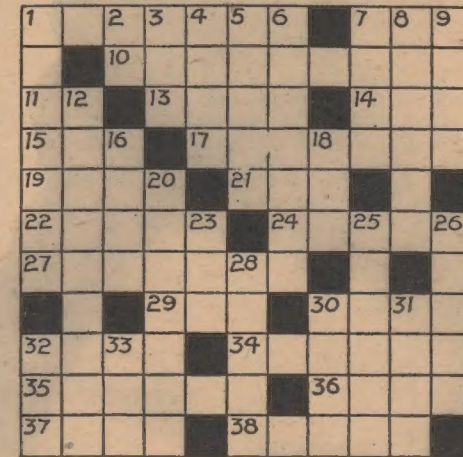
"Supper's quite ready," said she soberly. "And if you want to admire the lights very much, come up and see them when I do—after supper."

THE END

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



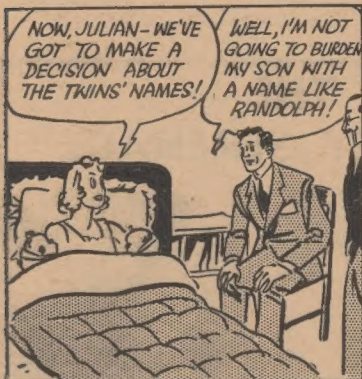
- 1 Varsity official.
7 Remain.
10 Prov'd.
11 Cry of surprise.
13 Platform.
14 Sheep.
15 Perched.
17 P.O. employee.
19 Run.
21 The present.
22 British composer.
24 Puts aboard.
27 Rest interval.
29 Famous story-writer.
30 American Republic.
32 Pipe.
34 Beau.
35 Gap.
36 Spinning machine.
37 Purpose.
38 Turn out.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Bedaub.
2 Form.
3 Half-digested food.
4 Carriage.
5 Vegetable.
6 Fried food.
7 Interjection to gain time.
8 Requit.
9 British statesman.
12 Panto character.
16 Colloquial clothes.
18 Number.
20 Machine cams.
23 Port of South America.
25 Roadway.
26 Put in pickle.
28 Banter.
30 Splendour.
31 Stream.
32 Common adjective.
33 Interior.

MAC FOIBLES
ORIGIN LINK
NEVER TOKAY
GAIN TOTEM
R CURIO NEW
EH SORTS LO
LOG LEHAR R
NOSED LULL
CORES POSED
OUSE REPEAL
DREDGER SLY

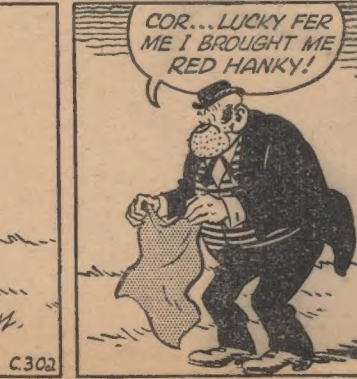
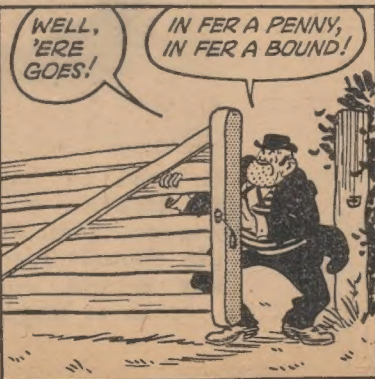
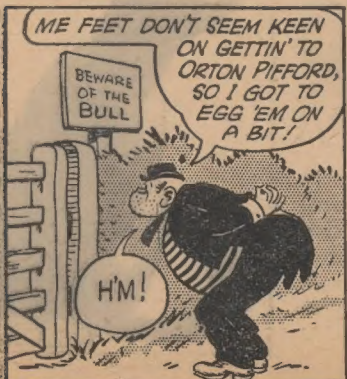
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Alex Cracks

Mistress (to new maid): "Mary, have you ever been confirmed?"

Mary: "Pardon me, mum! But I'm not that kind of girl."

Because a girl hasn't much on her, it doesn't mean she hasn't much honour.



"Did you go on a world cruise for your honeymoon?"

CENSOR IN THE NURSERY

THE earnest fellow shows no signs of slackening. In fact, he is working with ever-increasing zeal as he warms to his self-imposed task. What sacrifice! What devotion to duty! Let it be an inspiration to all of us.

Behold, his latest:—
Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
the girls and made them cry.
When the boys came out to —,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

The admirable clarity of this exercise renders any comment by us unnecessary—unless it is to remark what funny girls they must have been, to cry.

Good Morning

SO NICE TO COME HOME TO!

Even if the steak were tough, the chips fried to a frazzle, and the cauliflower watery, we could still find it in our heart to take Zoe Gail on to our knee — face downwards.



SCOTLAND FOR EVER! When this picture came into the office, the bloke who brought it said "Bonnie Glengarry"—just like that. We took one look at it and said "Nonsense"—just like that. We still believe that Glengarry is a particularly disreputable sort of hat, a't'rough a Scotsman keeps insisting it's a "glen" and the home of the Cameron Clan.

THE DONKEY SERENADE



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Mrs. Beeton could have saved her blushes."



It used to happen. By Heaven, it shall happen again. A kid-die chooses his donkey mount on the sands at Bognor.